H.H.S.

AURORA

1913

Aurora

Published by the

Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

Hobart High School

Hobart - - Indiana

Volume Six

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL

Dedicated to Our
Superintendent,
Mr. G. H. Thompson

LEWIS E. BARNES, TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE

To whom is intrusted the business management of our schools, and to whose well-directed energy may be attributed the erection and equipment of the handsome and commodious new High School Building

G. H. THOMPSON, SUPERINTENDENT

B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1907

Principal Hobart Township High School 1895-1905

Superintendent Hobart Schools 1905—

HELEN M. QUINNELL
Prin. High School, Latin and Botany

SPENCER G. STOLZ
Science and Civics

ETHEL M. FRANK
German and English

PERCY N. HAUGHTELIN
Mathematics and History

EDITH E. SYKES

Commercial

ISAPHINE M. RICHEY

Music

WILLIAM E. MOORE

Expression

Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

Class Motto

"No Victory without Effort."

Class Colors

Cream and Brown

Class Flower

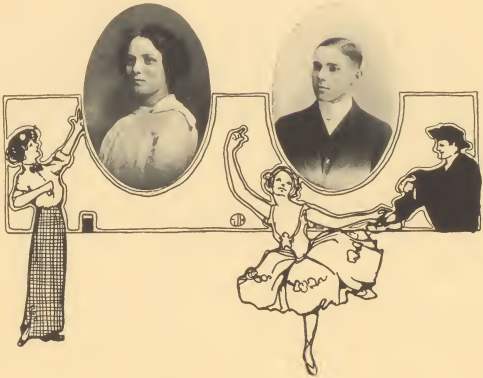
Cream Tea Rose

Commencement Program.

Coronation March from "Le Prophete" - - - - *G. Meyerbeer*
Miss Alice Sarver '14
Chorus—I Will Extol Thee - - - - - - - - *Costa*
High School
Salutatory - - - - - - - - Ruth S. Thompson
Solo—In May Time - - - - - - - *Oley Speaks*
Miss Isaphine Mae Richey
Valedictory - - - - - - - - Olive E. Wood
Address—Young America and His Mission - - - - - -
Dr. John Merritte Driver, Chicago
Presentation of Diplomas - - - Supt. G. H. Thompson
Chorus—Out on the Deep - - - - - - - *Lohr*
High School
Miss Alice Sarver, Accompanist

Class Officers

President, Ralph G. Banks
Vice-President, Bertha C. Busse
Sec. and Treas., Fred W. Rose



RUTH S. THOMPSON

"Beholding the bright countenance of truth
in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

RALPH G. BANKS

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

FRED W. ROSE

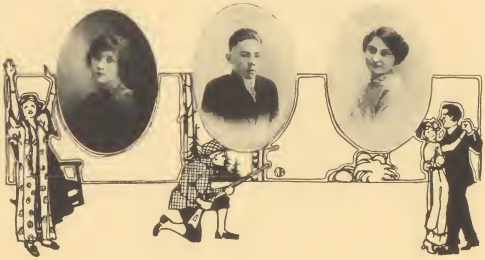
"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."

LIGHTNER G. WILSON

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

GLADYS A. MAXWELL

"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints tomorrow with prophetic ray!"



EDITH E. REAM

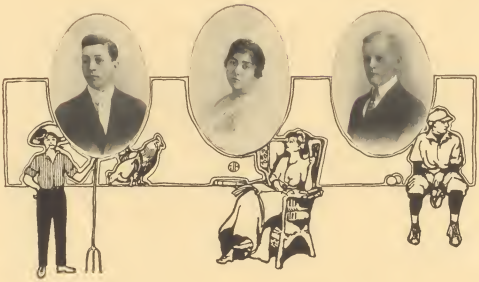
"In maiden meditation, fancy free,
Angels are painted fair to look like thee."

FORREST CRISMAN

"He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit in the center and enjoy bright day."

BERTHA C. BUSSE

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell."



RALPH KRAFT

"They are never alone that are accompanied
with noble thoughts."

OLIVE E. WOOD

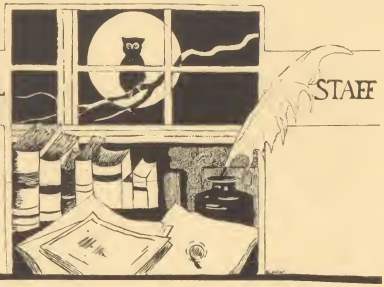
"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

WALFRED L. CARLSON

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat;
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet."

A U R O R A

Volume VI. Nineteen Thirteen



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Editor-in-Chief

OLIVE E. WOOD,
Assistant Editor

FRED W. ROSE,
Business Manager

BERTHA C. BUSSE,
Music Editor

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EDITH E. REAM,
Art Editor

GLADYS A. MAXWELL,
Personals Editor

FORREST CRISMAN,
Dramatic Editor

LIGHTNER G. WILSON, Literary Editor

FOREWORD.

WE SUBMIT Volume VI of the Aurora for your perusal. We have worked to make it good, and wish to thank those who helped us: Supt. Thompson, who inspired and directed our efforts; Miss Edna Borger, who contributed several drawings; Dr. John Merritte Driver, who wrote "The Ideal and the Goal" expressly for the Aurora, and all the friends who gave us kindly advice.

THE SENIORS.

SALUTATORY.

FRIENDS: We welcome you to our commencement. This occasion is the happiest of our high school career and we hope it will contribute to your pleasure. Still, with all the joy there is a touch of sadness. To-night ends our journey as schoolmates. We must now learn the lessons of life for which our school studies have been a preparation.

Chief among the many things we have learned in these twelve years is the thought embodied in our motto: "No Victory Without Effort." Throughout all life, from the lowest to the highest, we have endless examples of the struggle and the triumph.

There is a constant impulse that contends with particular opposing forces. Yet the problem has to be solved differently in each separate instance. Among the lower forms of life the struggle is ultimately a tragedy, but to human beings endowed with acute mental faculties the triumph is glorious. Therefore, to us the motto bears a golden message: "No Victory Without Effort."

Human advancement in art and science is a concrete example of this principle in all life. Through years of intelligent, painstaking effort, Alexis Carrel has discovered how to make life happier by making it healthier. Colonel Goethals, the hero of the Panama Canal romance, has accomplished a world-famous undertaking. Luther Burbank has applied his time and talents to the discovery and adaptation of the useful and the beautiful in nature. The ocean telegraph is the victorious effort of another educated man.

Think of all the wonders of this twentieth century! Not one would have been accomplished without persistent work. The man who believes a thing can be done will not spare effort. He is the most terrific force among living things. He may be turned aside for a moment only —he will return to the task with a strength stronger than any trial ahead. His ideals become ideas, and not fancies, and from his dreams he builds a reality.

You see what our motto means to us! Through persistent effort the artist, the scientist, and the engineer, have enriched our minds, promoted our healths, and supplied our material needs. Fell disease has been eradicated, continents have been brought together and mountains removed.

Yet our victory is largely measured by our effort. There are small victories as well as great. Let us not despise the work at hand because our chosen task is out of reach; and as a reward for our consistent, continued efforts, may a great victory be ours—to behold a vision splendid and to hear a voice beatific!

RUTH S. THOMPSON.

THE IDEAL AND THE GOAL.

By John Merritte Driver.

Written expressly for "Aurora."

WHEN William Allen White, to the New York editor's "What's the matter with Kansas?" replied: "Kansas raises too much hell and too few cattle," the Nation roared with laughter, esteeming it a fine bit of Americanesque humor.

So to the question "What's the matter with the American Public School?" the answer is: It's educating too much cityward, societyward, professionward, and too little farmward, artisanward, businessward, creating too many consumers and too few producers, too many "ladies" and "gentlemen" and too few mothers of civilization and fathers of kingdoms and empires, too many who "toil not, neither do they spin" and too few who sow and reap and gather into barns, too many male and female parasites and too few who daily add, heroically and with infinite toil and sacrifice, to the sum total of the World's virtue and wealth and wisdom and well-being and happiness.

Our increasing weakness as a Nation is: Passion for prodigality and repugnance to productive labor, loafing instead of laboring, making believe instead of actually being all we profess to be and achieving more and more.

Too often do we say to the boy: "Study hard, for, however poor, you may become President of the United States," and too rarely, if ever: "Study hard, learn a trade, cultivate industry, practice rigid economy of both time and money, glory in hard work, for thus you will always be able to maintain your self-respect, render valiant service as a patriotic citizen, and make an honest living, and—'an honest man's the noblest work of God.' "

We've been too intent upon making lawyers and doctors and promoters and too little intent upon making farmers and ditchdiggers and hodcarriers and mechanics and foresters and civil and electrical engineers and railroad builders and captains of industry.

We've been more eager to send the High School graduate, regardless of his ability, aptitudes and natural inclinations, to college and university than we have been to send him to the farm and bench and forge, the industrial beehive, train of cars or fleet of ships, mill or mine or mart of trade; hence the enquiry: "Are all educated men, especially college men, failures at the practical affairs of life?" We have been more eager to fit the High School graduate for college and an easy orna-

mental profession than to fit him to earn the bread of sweet life by the sweat of honest toil.

Whenever a school creates or intensifies a dislike for manual, mechanical, industrial, commercial, or agricultural labor it becomes a public menace.

I've seen somewhat of the pomp and glory of the world; seen every crowned head in Europe, visited every country, city and capitol, had audience with the king of Italy and two popes of Rome, been entertained in the palaces of the nobility, among them Prince Paoli Ruspoli, hereditary lord mayor of Rome and richest subject of the Italian crown, as a guest tasted the sweets of plutocratic wealth, am myself not wholly unknown in the world of public speech and the Republic of Letters, and I deliberately declare I would rather my only child, a lad of eight summers, would become a farmer, mechanic, merchant, manufacturer, or railroad builder, especially farmer, than to become an ambassador, secretary of state, or president.

The High School course of to-day is more extensive and intensive than were the courses of Harvard and the University of Virginia in the days of Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, and Alexander Hamilton—as late as Wendell Phillips, Emerson, Holmes, Bryant, Lowell and Longfellow.

The world has had three distinct educational epochs:

1. When education was regarded as being fit only for menials. The man of honor and renown was an achiever, not a scholar, a doer not a thinker; anybody could become a scholar, but only a hero, a god, could strike down tyrants, sack cities, conquer countries, build empires, rule the world. Many of the apotheosized heroes in the World's pantheon were unable to read or write—they had slaves or cheap secretaries read and write for them.

2. When, conditions reversed, learning became the fad of royalty, nobility, plutocracy—the cycle of university-founding by crowned heads and governments. The democracy was doomed to ignorance, and royalty, nobility and plutocracy seized the spoils of learning and literature. Then, and then only, the school curriculum was made classical and artistic, ornamental, artificial, to suit the taste of royalty, nobility and plutocracy, and qualify them, not to become producers, makers of honest livings, but to embroider their idleness with elegance, to adorn the **salon**, shine in the ballroom and at the daily **fete**, or dazzle on a throne.

3. The present, marked by a widespread dissatisfaction with both the High School and the College curricula. The root of the matter is: Washington and the New England pilgrims and puritans with their Anglomania, and the Jeffersons and Madisons and Monroes with their Francomania, secured the adoption here of the Old World dilletante, leisure class, ornamental school curriculum which, in our non-leisure class, non-dilletante, non-ornamental, gnarl-fisted, horny-handed, work-

aday, hundred-cents-on-the-dollar democracy is, in some measure, a misfit. Were we a people who regarded manual labor and self-support a disgrace our curriculum would be ideal; but since we regard the non-laborer, the non-producer, a pest and a parasite, and since we buy education not for ornament, but to become better and more successful bread-winners, and home-makers, and citizens, practical and intelligent members of the body politic and of the body-cosmic, the taxpayer often feels he's defrauded and, consequently, is angry.

The teacher's task to-day is not unlike the turning back of Niagara —the most herculean task in the world. How to fit his wards to do unpoetical, unromantic, but absolutely indispensable handwork and headwork and inspire them with a passionate love of it and a sense of its glorious dignity in a community that is leisure-smitten and money-mad and rank-and-title-mad—in short, fit his wards to make an honest living by honest toil, to become producers and not parasites, to glory in thrift, industry, productivity—is the supreme problem of the hour.

Malthus taught that the earth is too poor to support its population —is overstocked. He was mistaken; the earth is rich to opulency. We've scarce begun to tap earth's inexhaustible resources. The problem is: How to train the rising generation to lay to and avail themselves of earth's riches in oil, soil, steel, lead, iron, tin, copper, zinc, metals and minerals, timber and waterpower; to betake themselves to farming, mining, merchandising, manufacturing, teaching, the army and the navy, the indispensable trades requiring skill and others requiring technical training and yet others in the domain of science, pharmacy, electrical engineering, etc.; to revere and hallow all honest toil and toilers; to extol honest hardworking poverty and to scorn dishonest or extortionate wealth; to uncover before and "All hail" the producer and to blast with withering opprobrium the parasite.

How to humanize and democratize our Public School and College education and turn it into the great gulf-stream of our practical, passionate, debt-hating, loafer-loathing, labor-demanding, agricultural, industrial and commercial daily life, making every sane, able-bodied citizen self-sustaining, helpful to others, devoted to his country and its institutions, loyal to his Maker—broadly and fundamentally patriotic and religious; what a work!

The end and aim of all education, vocational no less than cultural, is character, but there's no stable, praiseworthy character apart from self-denial, self-sacrifice, and service; and the greater the service rendered, requiring sorest labor, self-denial, and self-sacrifice, the more noble and exalted the character acquired. The Mechanic of Nazareth is the supreme Example.

Nor will the ardent, eager, scholarly, patriotic, devout teachers in our American Public Schools fall short of their heroic, nerve-racking, sometimes heart-breaking, but all glorious task; to fit and fuse all that is ideal in the old curricula and methods of the past to and with the

more practical and utilitarian ideals of the present—ideals demanding that character shall ever keep pace with culture, and stalwartly holding that the producer, though arrayed in calico and corduroy, is more essential to the progress of the State and to the perpetuity of the Republic than the mere consumer a-ride in automobile and private yacht and car and arrayed in purple and fine linen, and is worthy of greater respect and honor.

By all means seek all the refinements and adornments of literary and scholastic culture but, first of all, qualify yourself to make an honest living.

"Make first thy centre right,
Then strike thy circles round."

THE DAWN.

IN THE quiet of the morning twilight, a young girl followed a winding path through a woodland where the leaves were yet a pale green. Beside the way a fallen tree trunk, overgrown with gray lichens and scarlet fungi, sheltered a bed of yellow violets just opening their first buds. Farther on she paused and leaned over the edge of a placid pool. She dropped pebbles into the shadowy depths and watched the widening ripples sway the slender green blades on the opposite shallow margin. She listened a moment to the song of the rivulet which led away over a flat white rock, over smooth round stones and yellow sand.

The path led to the very top of a hill where a twisted apple tree held out low sweeping branches and filled the air with sweetness from its white-pink blossoms. She pushed aside the fragrant clusters, swung herself up on a low bough and leaned against the trunk of the tree.

Before her was the river, indistinct through the hovering mists, and all the land seemed sleeping. As she watched, the first gleams of dawn barred the sky with silver. Suddenly the mists dissolved and the sky glowed with shimmering shafts of pale mauve and gold blended with rose and green. The iridescent tints flamed into Oriental crimsons, burned for an instant and then slowly softened as the sun, a huge golden bubble, floated above the horizon.

"O, you pink-white apple blossoms! Did you see, too? We share the joy of beginnings,—the dawn of the day, the freshness of spring, the awakening of life. The sunsets are glorious, and the moonlight is full of sweet dreams, but this—this is the ecstasy of living! Little apple blossoms, is this not God's promise of a sweet renewal of life—an endless, more abundant life?"

RUTH S. THOMPSON.

THE MUNICIPAL DEVELOPMENT OF HOBART.

ON APRIL tenth, nineteen hundred thirteen, I had the pleasure of visiting the Hobart electric light and water plant situated on Georgiana street between Third and Fourth. Superintendent O. L. Shore kindly showed me the machines, explained the operation of the system, and gave me a large part of the statistics I have used in this article.

In the summer of eighteen hundred ninety-seven the residents of Hobart decided to solve the problems of illumination and water supply by arranging for the construction of their own electric light plant and water works.

The plant consisted of a 250,000 gallon Worthington pump, three miles of eight, six and four-inch mains, thirty-five hydrants and a combined brick and metal standpipe 125 feet in height, with a 60,000-gallon tankage capacity. The mains, laterals, and hydrants had 60 pounds pressure to the square inch. The plant was operated by a 100 H. P. Ball high speed engine; the incandescent dynamo was 37½ K. W. capacity, and the arc machine was a 40 lighter.

In January nineteen hundred ten a new unit 175 K. W. alternating current generator was directly connected to a 300 H. P. Corliss engine. In December two 6x18 feet return tubular 150 H. P. high pressure boilers were installed; 957 square feet floor room was built in addition to the boiler room. A new switch board was put in which is a three panel, marine slate with necessary instruments. At the same time the coal storage capacity was increased to 400 tons. In May, nineteen hundred eleven, a new smoke stack 105 feet in height was erected for the plant by the National Fire Proofing Company.

The plant now employs regularly, a superintendent, two engineers, and one lineman. The daily output is about 650 K. W. hours, and the pumping of 50,000 gallons of water. This plant at present supplies 85 H. P. in motors in factories, and lights 18 series alternating current arc lamps, sixty-six 3-light boulevard posts, eleven 100-candle power cluster lamps, besides stores, offices, public buildings and private residences.

To the school boy or girl the item of chief interest is the placing of two 5-light boulevard posts in front of the school building, one post in front of each of the two main entrances. This piece of illumination, if it does not light the way to learning, is at least alluring to all friends of education when a school play or oratorical contest is on the stage. We may say these lights dispel ignorance, for ignorance is akin to darkness.

This splendid and essential plant now furnishes at the minimum cost of actual running expense, ample fire protection, convenience and domestic water supplies and brilliant illumination on the streets, in houses of business and in residences. Hobart is the owner of this approved, modern and efficient water and light plant. Such a plant is not possessed by any other town of equal size in the middle west.

The town has a fire department of thirty-two members. They have 1,500 feet of hose, three hose carts and hook and ladder wagons. This apparatus is stored in different parts of the town and the members practice every week.

Last year the town board, encouraged by the citizens, decided to construct a better sewer system. After the plans and specifications were drawn up by the town Civil Engineer, Walter G. Black, bids were received and the town board awarded the contract to V. Graziano & Co. The work was started in the fall of nineteen hundred twelve and is now nearing completion. The system consists of six miles of main sewer pipes and laterals to every house.

Plans for a new water system which will cover the area now embraced by the sewer system have been drawn up by the Civil Engineer. The present mains will be left as far as possible and used as laterals. Plans are also being prepared for a filtering plant to be constructed of reinforced concrete, whereby water can be filtered ninety-nine per cent pure.

A most potent force in the upbuilding of all things that tend toward the economic and civic betterment of our community is the Hobart Commercial Club. The fact that it has more than one hundred members and holds its meetings at least twice a month in the High School Auditorium is evidence that it is a live wire. Our municipal officers are active members. Especially did the Commercial Club assist in the establishing of the boulevard lighting system, and the Club has been an ardent supporter of the Town Board in all municipal advancement.

Thus, with an incorporation embracing seventeen square miles of territory, our people realize the possibilities of our modern municipal system and appreciate the importance of the tremendous strides already made.

RALPH KRAFT.

CLASS PROPHECY.

HAVE studied stars and books,
Busy marts and quiet nooks,
Seeking what the future holds
For this short-dozen 'steen-year-olds.
Wise the bard who taught me how
To prophecy as I do now.

Hasten then, we'll rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,—
Hunting cockatoos and goats,
Banks and **Crisman** moor their boats;—

Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
Edith and **Lightner,** travel far,
Studying art in each bazaar;—

Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum,
Kraft and **Carlson,** guns in hand,
Walk the wall and watch the sand;—

Where the forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts,
Roosevelt and **Rose** are found
Until the next campaign comes round;—

Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes,
There **Ruth** and **Olive,** somewhat vexed,
Read a hieroglyphic text;—

Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Gladys and **Bertha** both are seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—

Then when Hobart shall have grown
To fill the space she now doth own,—
When the present girls and boys
Have quite outgrown their childish toys,
And when kindly falls the night,
And the town's a-blaze with light,
We'll all return from outer gloom,
Assemble in the banquet room,
Recall the days in Hobart High,
Feast and talk and laugh and sigh.

RUTH S. THOMPSON.

VIEW OF DEEP RIVER, HOBART, IND.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

WHEN, in the fall of 1912, there was so much interest and excitement about politics and the new Progressive party seemed to be pushing itself to the front, we pupils of Hobart High wanted to enter right into the fun and help our side to win. So the only way we could do it (because the boys were hardly old enough to vote and the girls could not vote, for it seems they never become old enough) was to have a mimic campaign and election.

At the suggestion of Supt. Thompson, we divided into parties and it seems that the Republican principles must have had a strong hold on the Seniors, or probably it was a case of "the tie that binds," for they all became staunch Republicans but one, and she, sorry to tell, went over to the Democrats.

Each party met in different rooms and had a teacher to preside over the meeting and to start the ball a-rolling, so to say. The Republicans had Mr. Haughtelin; the Progressives, Mr. Stoltz, and the Democrats, Miss Quinnell. We elected our campaign managers, chairman and platform committees, stump speakers and other dignitaries which, for one who is not a suffragette, are too hard to remember.

Here the work of the Stump Speakers began; for each speaker was supposed to know every plank in his platform and to astonish our all-believing ears, for such they were. Even the members of our own party, when asked why they belonged, were very indignant if the question carried the insinuation that it was because our fathers did. The speeches were all so good and overwhelming that a few did not know which side to belong to and so were "on the fence." Finally those "on the fence" went over to the different parties either by the attraction of some pretty girl or by the pushing and pulling of some boy.

Bribes! O, you must not say that. No, we only used such things as, "If you don't belong to our side I won't go to the dance with you," and, "If you come with us I'll get your German for you." No, there were not any of us second Lorimers.

The Republicans and Democrats were at first about even, but little by little the number of the Democrats increased, so that at the end they had the highest number and the Republicans next. I don't know how the Democrats got ahead, but you might ask Ethel and Alice about it. The Progressive party had the fewest of all, but even then we did not know how the election would end for some might not be able to mark their tickets properly. And we knew that if the ballots were mismarked they would be thrown out.

In the conventions Edna Scheidt was nominated for president on the Progressive ticket, Fred Rose was proclaimed the Republican leader, and Fred Hillman was the Democratic candidate.

Then came Registration Day and much fear was expressed by those living out of Hobart Township as to whether they were eligible or not. It was decided that since all were members of the High School they were entitled to vote. So we all went up, one at a time, to the library, where two Republicans and two Democrats sat in control of the machinery. There we answered the questions and signed our names.

But November fifth was the greatest day of all, for this was to show the fruits of all our campaigning, and **bribery**, you will perhaps want to say. After the tables had been arranged out in the hall and the little room by the stairway assigned as the booth, it was announced that the ballots were ready. We were told to go and vote one at a time, and a feeling of pride and fear, too, and a swelling from that organ that St. Valentine Day could not do without, came, as we went to cast our first vote.

"Our first vote"; what does that mean? Why, it means that in after years (I don't say how many) when folks say: "Well boy, how do you feel after your first vote?" (it may be girl, too, then) we can smile and remember that it isn't our first vote as we think of the good old days in school.

Well, the outcome of all this was that the Democrats won and Fred Hillman was elected President. He promised to treat, but did not do it. Candidates do forget their constituents suddenly! How they lose interest in the principles they fought and bled for!

But the best results were that we all learned more about the government of our nation, though, doubtless those that made the speeches learned the most.

OLIVE E. WOOD.

CLASS WILL

WE, THE Seniors of Hobart High School, County of Lake, State of Indiana, being of sound mind, do give and bequeath the following articles and instructions, to-wit:

To the class of 1914:

Item 1. The labor of compiling and publishing Volume VII of the "Aurora."

Item 2. The right to first choice of seats in the Senior Room.

To the class of 1915:

Item 1. The custom of giving a Junior Reception, with the hope of getting one in return.

Item 2. The responsibility of inducing a few more members to join the class, and help fill the empty seats.

To the class of 1916:

Item 1. The pleasure of enforcing the celebration of Saint Patrick's Day by the Freshmen.

Item 2. The duty of finding the real meaning of the Greek word "Sophomore."

To the class of 1917:

Item 1. The right to be the most care-free, irresponsible class in H. H. S.

Item 2. The canned Botany specimens, to smell and admire and study.

Item 3. The big microscope, of which they must be careful and considerate of its value as an antique.

To the business classes:

Item 1. The typewriters, each with its own disposition and temper.

Item 2. The privilege of spoiling reams of clean paper.

Item 3. All the red ink, rulers, penholders, surplus blanks and envelopes they may find left by the present class.

To the art classes:

Item 1. The privilege of exhibiting in the halls their handiwork, provided they do not become post impressionists, futurists, nor cubists.

To the science classes:

Item 1. The opportunities of spoiling clothes, books, and dimes in the laboratory work.

Item 2. All the glassware, et cetera not broken by the present Seniors and our predecessors.

Item 3. The privilege of tinkering with all the apparatus that does not work according to the book.

Item 4. The duty of tasting all salt solutions, alums, **et cetera,** when so directed by the teacher.

To the Faculty:

Item 1. Our grateful thanks for four happy, useful years.

We do hereby appoint Mr. Haughtelin executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we, the Seniors of the Hobart High School, have set our hands and seal, this twentieth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and thirteen.

RALPH BANKS	RALPH KRAFT	RUTH S. THOMPSON
BERTHA C. BUSSE	GLADYS A. MAXWELL	LIGHTNER G. WILSON
WALFRED L. CARLSON	FRED W. ROSE	OLIVE E. WOOD
FORREST CRISMAN	EDITH E. REAM	

Signed, sealed and published and declared by the Seniors as their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, in their presence, and at their request, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto set our hands as witnesses, the day and year last above named.

EDITH E. SYKES
SPENCER G. STOLTZ

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

WHATEVER virtues we find
Our friends possessed withal,
One we prize most highly,
That friend who manifests
Genuine sympathy for other
Human beings—that one
Who sacrifices most
That we shall suffer least—
Holds us with the surest bond.

We stand in awe of the brave
Victor in battle; we admire
The genius of a great dramatist;
We sit in rapture near
The muse of song; we linger
With joy in the glowing presence
Of the master painter; we are proud
Of those who guide us in social
And political affairs;
But we love that one who, perchance,
Stoops from some high place
To relieve the wants of the suffering,
To soothe the heart-ache of the distressed,
To correct the ways of the erring,
And to smooth the upward road.

Human kindness continues
To glisten, a gem amid
The fading baubles that strike
The fancy of deluded hearts.

A wise man is greatly moved,
Desiring to behold the face
And hear the voice of the king—
Even the King of Kings.
He carries, his richest gift,
Three gems of varied hues
And lustre befitting a crown.
Not knowing the manner of approach
And traveling many days,
He is turned aside by the ghostly
Sigh of an ebbing life.
Time is lost and a third
Of this treasure is given to provide
Comfort and restore the wasted
Strength of a fellow mortal.
With misgiving he hastens on,
Unaware that his deed of kindness
Has brought him nearer to the king.

Again in his eager search
He stands before a house
Wherein is a child in danger;
In danger because a tyrant
Thinks to take the lives
Of children and thereby hold
His power. The traveler delays
His journey and gives another third
Of his wealth to the soldier that passes
Down the street and leaves the child
Unhurt. Has the pilgrim lost
His acceptance before the king?
Is one only gem sufficient?
He is more acceptable now
Than when he held in his hand
Three jewels, for compassion
Is more precious than rubies.

After years of weariness,
Disappointment and despair,
The traveler stands before
The gates of an opulent city
And witnesses the tumult
Of arrogance and greed.
A helpless girl is doomed
To a life of servitude
And degradation for debts
Her father cannot pay.
Once more the bearer of the gift
To the king is moved by love,
And the last luminous gem
Is given to ransom the slave.
The dire conflict between
The expectation of faith
And the impulse of love is over.
Thrice the precious gift
Which had been consecrated
To religious worship is drawn
To the service of humanity.

From out the gathering darkness
Comes a voice saying:
"Verily, I say unto thee,
Inasmuch as thou hast done it
Unto one of the least of these
My brethren, thou hast done it
Unto me." His journey is ended;
His gifts of love are accepted.
With perfect peace and joy
He beholds the face of his King.

G. H. T.

WELL SAID.

Sonnet XXX.

When alone thinking of the past, I sigh because of the time wasted. I think of my friends that are gone. Tears flow, that are unused to flow. I grieve, remembering things that are said and as I moaned before I moan them again as if they were present occurrences. But when I think of one dear friend, all of my previous losses are restored to me, and my sorrows are ended.

Bertha Busse.

Sonnet LXXI.

Do not mourn for me after the surly bell has given warning that I am fled from this world. Forget who wrote these lines if it bring you woe, knowing who wrote them. If you look upon this verse long after I am dead mention not my name, but let your love die with me, for fear the world shall mock you after I am gone.

Walfred Carlson.

Sonnet XXIX.

When I am in distress with fortune and poor in men's eyes, I look at myself and curse my fate and wish that I had friends and art. In these thoughts I almost despise myself, but on looking up to thee, thy remembered love brings wealth and I would not change my state with kings.

Ralph Banks.

Sonnet XXV.

Fortune gives some men fame and honor and rank. But the goddess is as varying as a spring day and in some new mood may snatch away her favors. But I am happy, though the goddess sees me not. I love and am beloved and Fortune cannot change my joy.

Ruth Thompson.

Sonnet XVIII.

Thou art not to be compared to a summer's day; thou art more beautiful and always the same. Not as the rough winds that shake the buds in spring. Summer goes too soon and has many faults, whilst thy lovelness can never vanish nor can Death take thee away. Always will men see and worship thy beauty.

Olive Wood.

Marlowe was a brilliant young rake, with an Oxford education and some wealth. He wrote "Tamburlane," "Dr. Faustus," "Edward the Second," and "The Jew of Malta." His dramatic work is better than that of any of his contemporaries, and he ranks as the greatest playwright before Shakespeare. He died at twenty-nine, before his genius was mature.

"Cut is the branch that might have grown
full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learned
man."

Ruth Thompson.

The essence of the transcendental doctrine was a desire to pass beyond human experiences and commune with God in His visible forms; in short—plain living and high thinking,—a desire to pass beyond the petty things of life, and try to solve or at least enjoy, the great eternal truths and mysteries of God.

The Puritan was a transcendentalist as far as his doctrines permitted. He believed in uplifting the soul in order to make it more acceptable to God. But his idea of a wrathful God, angry at the sin of the world, shut him off from a large part of the transcendental ecstasy. Hell-fire was too real to him to allow him to pass entirely beyond this life, to live and think in a higher plane.

G. H. White.

THE HOBART SCHOOLS.

A Centralized System.

A UNIQUE feature of the Hobart Township school system is that there is not a country school remaining. Consolidation was begun here more than fifteen years ago and the results of that movement were so satisfactory that now wagons bring all the school children within a territory of seventeen square miles to the central township school in Hobart. In this centralized school there are sixteen teachers besides the superintendent having charge of some four hundred fifty children. Eleven teachers are required in the grade work and the others are in the high school department. At the beginning of this movement five teachers were employed in the grades and two in the high school, but the country schools then maintained required five other grade teachers and no special work could be done in any of the schools.

Advantages.

Fourteen years ago the high school was commissioned. Since then the school has not only kept pace with the changing standard but has gone far beyond the requirements of the State Board of Education. Some of the elective studies maintained are, a year and a half of phonography; a year of typewriting; four years of German; two years each of manual training, free-hand drawing and mechanical drawing; and four years of vocal music. In addition there are classes in book-keeping, civics, physical geography, commercial arithmetic, American history, and physiology. The required subjects are, three years of mathematics, four years of English, three years of science, two years of history, and four years of Latin or German. The science department is especially strong. The equipment for botany, chemistry, and physics is scarcely equalled in any other high school having twice the number of pupils. Nothing is lacking in apparatus, convenience, or supplies. One feature is a powerful projectoscope which is used both in the auditorium and in the laboratory. The facilities for work in the laboratory are of prime consideration and a great majority of the boys, and girls, too, rather than avoid any of the science work, elect the course complete. This condition has been brought about within the last few years.

Methods and Ideals.

Two principles which the teachers keep constantly in mind are, (1) that each child must be led to express himself, and (2) that he must

be taught to interpret the expression of others. Certain applications of these principles are recognized in the amount of supplementary reading required and the dramatic work done in the daily reading lessons; also, in the amount of time devoted to the study of the phonetic value of letters. This phonetic work begins when the child enters school and is continued with increasing independence on the part of the pupil. However, to accomplish the greatest good, the teachers believe that the study of the child is of prime importance and the subject the child studies is secondary. Teachers endeavor to see the subject from the standpoint of the child and they place the work on the child's mental horizon.

Departmental Work.

In the upper grades and in the high school the work is arranged on the departmental plan. The chief advantages derived from this plan are that the child comes in daily contact with teachers differing in temperament and personality and each subject is given its due attention. The plan also insures uniform interest and efficiency in the presentation of such subjects as penmanship, drawing and music. Likewise other subjects are developed in a more systematic manner and time and energy are saved that would be needlessly wasted if an entire change of teachers accompanied each promotion.

Auditorium.

One of the most interesting features of the new high school building and one which is most highly prized by the community is the auditorium. This room has excellent provision for light either night or day. The heating and ventilation are perfect. An audience of nearly five hundred can be safely seated. No school seats have been placed in this room, but instead are comfortable opera chairs. The stage and its artistic equipment of scenes and property awaken expressions of admiration and surprise on the part of every visitor. Aside from the school work, many social and municipal functions are held here, and our citizens are coming to recognize that a school building may become an educational and economic and cultural factor beyond the daily lessons and exercises of the school children. The auditorium serves the school in many ways. Besides the study of music and public speaking, the pupils frequently assemble here for talks and debates. A lyceum course is maintained and every year two plays are given by the pupils of the high school; also, many entertainments by the grades. Here is the best possible accommodation for the annual high school oratorical contest, the class day exercises, and the commencement.

Dramatic Work.

For a number of years the school has been interested in dramatic work. Besides popular plays by the pupils in general, the class plays

given by the seniors have attracted wide attention. The high standard of these plays approaches collegiate work and thus they are believed to have an uplifting effect in the development of power and character. Among the plays given in recent years are "The Princess," "As You Like It," "Queen Esther," "The Captain of Plymouth," and "The Miser of Raveloe." These have been given with appropriate stage settings and complete costumes. Dramatic work awakens anticipations of delight in the undergraduates and nourishes pleasant memories in the alumni.

The Aurora.

Besides the oratorical, dramatic, and other literary work already mentioned, each senior class for the past six years has had charge of the preparation and publication of the "Aurora," the high school annual. The literary and artistic qualities of this publication are praised by all friends of education in the community. In this book is some tangible evidence of potential energy and an earnest of greater unseen development.

The Gymnasium.

Since the erection of the new building the boys and girls of the high school especially, but of the grades also, have had the advantages of the gymnasium. This room is 38x63 feet and has a gallery with comfortable seats for nearly two hundred spectators. The gymnasium is used by the high school pupils and often by other young people of the town during the winter evenings chiefly for basket ball, but during the day children of the grades have various drills and games that furnish recreation and training when no outside play is possible. Connected with the gymnasium are two dressing rooms, one for the girls and one for boys. In each of these rooms are both hot and cold water and perfect facilities for shower bathing. Physical development and good health are set above mere amusement.

Medical Inspection.

A year ago, in compliance with the provisions of the state law, the trustee employed a physician to examine the children and give advice to both teachers and parents when help is needed. In this examination there is an effort made to solve the problem of the relation of the child's intellectual development and his physical condition. Besides the annual inspection the physician is also in attendance in special cases on the call of the superintendent. A complete record of each examination is kept in the superintendent's office.

Grounds.

The location of the school building from the standpoint of convenience and sanitation is ideal. It is near the center of population,

yet sufficiently removed from the business portion of town. The grounds include nearly two blocks. The drainage is perfect. More than one hundred native oak trees shade the playground. This playground can be doubled in size by filling in a marshy strip along the bank of Duck Creek. Part of this filling has been done. Along the entire front of the building is a spacious lawn. The arrangement of the walks and the groups and borders of flowering shrubs were already much admired by visitors and our townspeople took pride in referring to the school building and grounds. But this has been recently improved and the work of the landscape gardener has quickened anticipations of a burst of beauty in harmony with the new "white way."

Efficiency.

Within the past twenty years this high school has sent out two hundred graduates. One hundred forty-three of these belong to the last ten years. The banner class was that of nineteen twelve, which numbered twenty-one. A glance at the list reveals the fact that one-fourth of the alumni hold responsible positions which their high school training placed within their reach; twenty-five are teachers; eleven are in business; seven are practicing law or medicine; six are farmers; four hold government positions, and another one-fourth of them preside in homes. Thirty graduates of Hobart High School have entered higher institutions of learning, ten of these are now in college, and fifteen of the number hold degrees from universities. It is perhaps too early to say what place the graduates of more recent years deserve, but those who have reached mature years give evidence of noble ideals and sound character. They have proved themselves efficient citizens.

G. H. THOMPSON.

Social

IN THE autumn of nineteen hundred and nine, we entered the old building as Freshmen. As a class we were not dull, but for freshmen were exceedingly keen.

The last Friday in April we decided to go on a botany excursion and had selected Garden City as the place for a good time. We started out about ten o'clock that morning and proceeded down the Nickel Plate tracks with full lunch baskets.

Each one was eager to find the first flowers, and soon we were in a land of paradise. Flowers were everywhere. To eat our lunch we selected a place between two hills decked with green grass and trees. We were requested to be back at the school house by three o'clock, but somehow the walk back was not nearly so much fun as going out. However, we reached the school house in good time.

Miss Quinnel had a surprise in store for us, but this story has been told before.

It is well to mention that all passed on the books of the faculty with the exception of two, who were required to take the semester examination, because their numerous social functions distracted their minds from study and dissipated their energies.

We entered the new building as Sophomores and as work was in progress we were unable for some time to attend to the social side of life. However, we braced up and tried to start the year right. In this year not one was required to take the semester examination.

The entertainment wheel started with a party at the home of Fred Rose. To keep the wheel spinning another party was held at the home

of Ruth Thompson. Soon it came into the minds of some of the class to give the first surprise party. So they planned to have one at Deep River at the home of Olive Wood. We had a long ride, but the surprise was not as great as we expected for in some way Olive found it out and was prepared for us.

As Juniors the social spirit was sleeping, but not dead. It took some time for us to settle down in Mr. Zaugg's room with the Seniors. Then we were awakened by Mr. Thompson and told it was time for us to prepare for the reception. This took all of our social energy. We asked the Seniors to meet at the Auditorium at half-past eight and all were present.

The Seniors were so surprised they did not speak a word. When we were through with our entertainment the Seniors were led into the Library, where everything was beautifully decorated and their color scheme carried out in every detail. When each one had found his place a five-course dinner was served. The president of our class gave an appropriate talk after dinner.

Our Senior year has been very uneventful. We expect a reception and have heard rumors; we expect a class play and are willing to work; we expect to be the center of attraction the night of commencement and our anticipation of a diploma thrills us.

RALPH KRAFT.

ENGLISH STUDENT'S LAMENT.

Swift was sweet on Stella,
  Poe had his Lenore;
Burn's fancy turned to Nancy,
  And a dozen more.

Pope was quite a trifler;
  Goldsmith was a case;
Bryon'd flirt with any skirt
  From Liverpool to Thrace.

Sheridan philandered;
  Shelley, Keats, and Moore,
All were there with some affair,
  Far from literature.

Fickle is the heart of
  Each immortal bard;
Mine alone is made of stone—
  Gota work too hard.

PHYSICS.

ONE of the first things that we encountered in physics was **work**. We did not go far before realizing why it was so necessary to understand that word thoroughly. However, we were horrified to learn that no matter how long one tried to do a thing (physics for instance) and yet made no progress it was not called work.

Laboratory days were the most interesting, only once the boys forgot it was "lab" day and had to be reminded. However, at that time their knowledge of sound was probably so vague that they did not notice the vibrations of the gong calling them, or their minds were on something more important (!) than physics.

Desiring a better knowledge of sound we started out one cold, drizzling, windy day, arming ourselves with a revolver, meter stick and signal. After walking down the Nickle Plate tracks some distance the class divided into two groups and one group walked ninety-nine rails farther. But the wind was so strong that the shots could not be heard and the day so gray that the signals could not be seen, so we returned without any definite results other than the determination to try again.

We passed through electricity with only a few shocks. At first we were non-conductors and could not store up much electricity, but under Mr. Stoltz's tuition we came out with "almost" enough knowledge to run an electric light plant.

DOROTHY THOMAS.

CHEMISTRY.

There is an old saying, "In unity there is strength." According to this we were destined to be a strong class in chemistry as all the Seniors took up that study this year. After each one had received a set of apparatus and deposited fifty cents from which to deduct for breakage during the course of experimenting, our work began.

We struggled a while with laws and theories but finally came to more concrete things, among which were many old acquaintances cleverly disguised under scientific names.

During the preparation of hydrogen sulphide its odor could be detected throughout the high school building and put some of the classes to wondering if we were testing eggs in the laboratory and had accidentally broken some which were in the last stage of old age.

And now that the year is over we can say, without any great deviation from the truth that we have acquired, thanks to the guidance of Prof. Stoltz, a goodly store of knowledge.

WALFRED CARLSON.

PHYSIOGRAPHY.

After the Civics course was completed it came to choice between American History and Physiography for some of us. When the roll had been called it was seen that seven Seniors and one Junior were to be members of the Physiography class. In a way all beginnings intimate ends, but it is the intervening events that are interesting. So it was with this class. It had its beginning and its end with many interesting things between; among these being the structure of the earth, the face of the earth, the sea or hydrosphere, valleys and streams, glaciers, the atmosphere, plants and animals.

During the study of volcanoes it was learned that the dust thrown up in the eruption of some of them does not settle for two years. Also, under the subject rivers, we learned that the Mississippi River carries material in suspension equal in amount to that which 11,372,040 teams could draw in twenty-four hours.

We would not have become so thoroughly acquainted with these subjects but for Mr. Stoltz's extensive outlining and explaining, for which we thank him. WALFRED CARLSON.

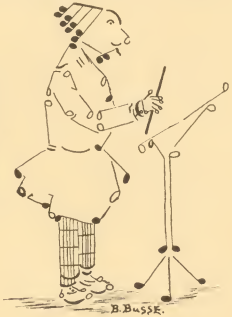
MUSIC

"Music hath power to soothe the savage breast." The beating of a drum incites the soldier to battle and a mother's lullaby stills the tired child. "Music raised a mortal to the skies and music drew an angel down."

Many pupils are too shy to appear in any public entertainment except as a member of the high school chorus. Besides the much valued voice culture, music students acquire poise, the value of which cannot be measured.

During our four years of high school we have studied the following compositions: *Pilgrims' Chorus* by Wagner; *Soldiers' Chorus, Unfold Ye Portals* and *The Lost Chord* by Gounod; *Invitation to the Dance* by Von Weber; *The Heavens are Telling* by Haydn; *Song of the Triton* by Malloy; *May Dance* (Estudiantina) by Lacome; *Waltz and Chorus,* from "Faust," by Gounod; *Gypsy Life* by Schumann; *Carmina* by Wilson; *Out on the Deep* by Cowan.

George Bernard Shaw tells the story of a man who entered a hall in London to hear Christie's minstrels, and accidentally got on to a floor where a Beethoven concert was in progress. The man fidgeted about for some time and then asked: "Is this where we have Christie's minstrels?" On being told that the entertainment he sought was on a lower floor, he withdrew immediately and went to the minstrel show. If children were trained from the beginning to hear good music, we should not have them leaving a Beethoven concert to go to a minstrel show.



"If I could dwell where Israfel hath dwelt,
A bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

BERTHA C. BUSSE

ART.

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us; and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing."

The people that came to the last number of the lecture course were greatly attracted by the unusual display on the corridor walls. A collection of art work from Miss Quinnell's class was artistically arranged.

The flower studies were the most noticed, but the practical value of stenciling was demonstrated by the cushions and table runners. Dainty original designs of wall paper and patterns for decorated china ware were displayed.

In all of this work the cultural rather than the practical is the end sought. This training gives us eyesight to see the beautiful in the ordinary things of life, and reveals the methods of art and industry in using them for our happiness and comfort. EDITH REAM.

THE STAGE.

THE authorities of the Hobart High School have always believed that training in Dramatic Work is essential for the rounding of education. They have made this department very attractive, by getting good and popular plays, and giving the pupils skilled training. This has been one of the most popular departments of work among the students, teachers and parents.

Three or four plays are given every year, besides the class play given by the Seniors. Various other musical and literary programs are given during the year, but the plays seem to be the most attractive to the public. This year the Freshmen and Sophomores gave the "New Woman," a burlesque on woman suffrage. "A College Town" was given by the Juniors and Seniors just before Christmas and the characterizations and the specialties were unusually well done. Mrs. Kate Wood Ray trained the actors in the first two plays. Mr. Wm. R. Moore of Valparaiso University trained the Seniors in the Class Play, "The Magistrate." This kind of training develops both team work and individual responsibility. FORREST CRISMAN.

LITERATURE.

NOW therein, of all sciences is the poet the monarch. For he giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it."—Sidney.

We are taught that man is a doer of deeds and a dreamer of dreams; the deeds are real and the dreams ideal. But the ideal always precedes the real. Literature furnishes us the highest ideals, and therefore, controls our actions.

The early Anglo Saxon poem, "Beowulf," is fascinating because of its sturdy philosophy and rough, vigorous life.

"Sorrow not, wise man. It is better for each
That his friend he avenge than that he mourn much.
One deep regret I have; that to a son
I may not give the armor I have worn."

The one Elizabethean prose writer that interests us most is Francis Bacon. His work is concise and direct.

"Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that traveleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel."

Charles Dickens is the most popular of the modern English prose writers. His idealism is that of the whole English race.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy in that England which I shall see no more. I see her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence."

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

And Coleridge's "Vision in a Dream" shows us one of the most beautiful of imaginative works in all literature.

"Beware! beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

Tennyson and Browning speak to our imaginations and quicken our impulses. The thought ennobles our actions and strengthens our faith.

"To reverence the King as if he were
Our conscience, and our conscience as our King.
To break the heathen and to uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it—
To honor our word as if our God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity."

"And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

LIGHTNER WILSON.

THE JOB OF THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

THE Class of Nineteen Thirteen, throughout their high school course, contemplated with a sort of vague awe the work of publishing Volume VI of the **Aurora**. However, the definite realization that the task was at hand was delayed until near the middle of the Senior year. Then, among the officers chosen, it fell to my lot to perform the duties of Business Manager.

Money! We knew that money was necessary to make a book worth looking at, no matter how perfect its literary features. There were just three ways open to us to raise the necessary funds: To solicit the help of business men in the way of advertising, to sell as many copies of our book as possible, and to give a class play to meet the expected deficit. I was in for my share of all this work, but I felt particularly responsible for the success of the first.

Accordingly, by the help of the commercial class, letters and blank contracts for advertising were mailed to such business firms as we thought would appreciate our proposition. In some cases we were disappointed, yet, on the whole, we are proud of our success.

Thus, with our financial backing made certain, and the array of literary and artistic material we have brought together, we await the day of publication of our **Aurora** with feelings of pleasure that we hope our patrons may share.

FRED ROSE.

ATHLETICS.

ON NOVEMBER 15, 1912, the High School gymnasium opened its doors to the basket ball enthusiasts of the town. Although our high school attendance is not nearly so large as that of other towns, Hobart is able to cope with other schools successfully.

In the games played with Gary, Valparaiso, and Lowell, Rose starred for Hobart by playing a fast and clean game. He was followed closely by Murray and Banks.

The girls are to be praised in these artistic pastime exercises. They were returned victors in one game out of three by their fast and steady playing. Not anyone starred for the girls, but each girl played her part consistently.

Alumni vs. H. S.	Nov. 15, 1912, at Hobart.
Valparaiso vs. Hobart	Nov. 23, 1912, at Hobart.
Medill (Chicago) vs. Hobart	Dec. 14, 1912, at Hobart.
Valparaiso vs. Hobart	Dec. 21, 1912, at Valparaiso.
Hobart Girls vs. Gary Girls	Jan. 10, 1913, at Gary.
Hobart Boys vs. Gary Boys	Jan. 10, 1913, at Gary.

Lowell vs. Hobart	Jan. 17, 1913, at Hobart.
Valparaiso vs. Hobart	Jan. 22, 1913, at Hobart.
Hobart vs. Lowell	Jan. 24, 1913, at Lowell.
Hobart Girls vs. Michigan City Girls	Feb. 1, 1913, at Michigan City.
Hobart Girls vs. Michigan City Girls	Feb. 8, 1913, at Hobart.

But more exciting than basket ball is the coming field meet at Crown Point May 24. The chief participants in these events will be Rose and Krausse. Rose expects to bring home honors of first place in the high jump and a place in the broad jump. Krausse is in for honors in the 220 low hurdles, 120 high hurdles, and the dashes.

RALPH BANKS.

READING AND ORATORY.

PUBLIC Speaking—the excitement of the annual contest in reading and oratory—is a most vital factor in high school life. "Who is going to enter?" "Is our class to be represented?" Many visits are made to the office to learn whether or not this or that oration or reading will be suitable. The contestants come away greatly elated when they can say, "Mr. Thompson thinks I can do this." The next important step is to learn the selection. Then come the strenuous, discouraging days of training. This year Mr. William R. Moore had charge of this work and the orators think he is the only one.

Our class was not represented until 1912. Then Edith Reaun entered and we were very proud of her. This year, great was our joy for we had two representatives, Ruth Thompson in Reading and Fred Rose in Oratory.

The preliminary contest was held April 18, as follows:

In Reading:

Ruth Thompson	'13	The Lost Word	Van Dyke
Dorothy Thomas	'14	Return of Enoch Arden	Tennyson
Mamie Barnes	'14	Dora	Tennyson
Ethel Halsted	'14	The Famine	Longfellow

In Oratory:

Moulton Foster	'16	Crime Its Own Detector	Webster
George White	'14	Daniel O'Connell	Phillips
Fred Ramenstien	'15	House Divided	Lincoln
Fred Rose	'13	A Plea for Cuba	Thurston

The hearts of all of the contestants were beating a little faster than usual. The chorus opened the program with **The Boat Song**, and when Ruth Thompson appeared the intense interest of the audience could be felt. As we listened to each speaker in turn we could hardly tell which one was best, and so we waited for the judges to decide. Ethel Halsted and Fred Rose won the gold medals; Dorothy Thomas and George White the silver medals. However, the medals the winners received were a minor consideration. The training and the power acquired by each contestant constitute the true gain.

GLADYS MAXWELL.

Miss Sykes—"What do we find in the earth?"—(meaning the rocks and soil.)

Eighth-grader—"A ball of fire."

Mr. Stoltz—"Elmer, what is your last name?"

Elmer—"Niksch"—(nicks.)

Mr. Stoltz—"That's right, brains he has nix."

Miss Quinnell—(explaining about taking cork from trees.)—"If you would cut into the cambium you would kill the tree dead."

Mr. Haughtelin—(in Ancient History)—"Bessie what did the Egyptians use to embalm the bodies?"

Bessie—"Oil of Raisins."

Phillip—"Where do you get those books?"

Miss Frank "Go to Phillips and By-all's."

Phillip—"Oh Miss Frank, isn't one enough?"

Miss Quinnell—"Write your notes on Ascomycetes now."

Lola B.—"How much shall we write?"

Miss Quinnell—"All you know."

Lola—(innocently)—"How much is that?"

Mr. Thompson—(reading House of Seven Gables)—"What are tremors?"

Ross—"Snakes."

Olive—(in Latin)—"What does 'inclusum' mean?"

Ruth—"Shut up."

Olive—"I won't."

Miss Sykes—(in Stenography—"What does p-ah-p sound like?"

Ralph Banks—"Root-beer."

Mr. Stoltz—"What were the advantages of the Atlantic Cable?"

Paul—"They could cross the ocean quicker on the cable than in the boats."

Miss Quinnell—"Mildred, give the meaning of uter."

Mildred—"Each of one."

"Many schools make a mistake in not having Domestic Science." A certain Freshman after hearing the preceding statement at the Farmer's Institute this year, said to her mother: "Well they have Domestic Science in The Hobart school because I can smell them testing rotten eggs."

Mr. Stoltz—(in Chemistry)—"Ralph, don't you sometimes put sour milk in biscuits to make them rise?"

Ralph—dreamily—"Yes, sir." Just as if he knew.

Fred—(in English)—"I can't hear a word Frieda says."

Mr. Thompson—"Fred, I think it would be better if you get closer to Frieda."

Mr. Haughtelin—(to two Junior girls)—"Please use the soft pedal."

Miss Sykes—(in Book-keeping)—"You will find the new set of books at Schedell's."

Mr. Stoltz—in telling about a sorghum farm in Ohio—"The farmers there raise cane."

Ethel—"O, I have my history."
Alice—"What is it about?"
Ethel—"I don't know."

Cries of "Miss Quinnell," "Miss Quinnell," came from several different directions in the girls' Drawing room.
Miss Quinnell—"O dear, I wish I could change my name."

Mr. Stoltz—"When is hard water permanent?"
Forrest—"When it can't be softened."

Mr. Haughtelin—(to Raymond)—"Have you the second problem?"
Raymond—"Yes, all but the answer."

Miss Frank—(in Sophomore English)—"I suppose you all know who Cupid was."
Fred—"Yes, did he ever hit you?"

Mr. Stoltz—(assigning Chemistry lesson)—"We will not take arsenic to-day."

Miss Sykes—"How do we know the earth is round?"
Eighth-grader—"Because all the trees are round."

Bertha—(April first)—"O, I don't feel like doing anything, wish I had the mumps."
(April twelfth)—She has them.

Miss Quinnell—(Sophomore drawing class)—"Oh, I can paint that tree upside down."

Mr. Stoltz—(to small children who are looking through screens of laboratory windows at Junior Physics Class)—"Don't feed the animals on the inside."
The Juniors could not see the Joke.

Mr. Haughtelin—"What period in the history of Rome are we going to study now?"
Harold—"Beginning of the end."

While the window shades were drawn in the laboratory and all was dark Edith was heard to say: "Lightner, come here a minute."

Mr. Stoltz—(in Chemistry)—"Bertha, how would you put out a fire?"
Bertha—"Smother it."
Mr. Stoltz—"How do you mean?"
Bertha—(?).
Mr. Stoltz—"Choke it to death?"

Miss Sykes—(in typewriting)—"Edith, put your man's name at the top."
Edith—"I haven't any."

Mildred—(in Botany)—"Miss Quinnell, if you graft a peach branch on an apple tree, will you have a one seeded apple?"

Mr. Stoltz—(in Civics)—"What is the first trading post in Indiana?"
Ruth—"It begins with Ou——"
Mr. Stoltz—"Ouiatanon," pronouncing it—"We ought to know."
Class—"Isn't it the truth."

Mr. Thompson—"Which would you rather be, a wizard or a witch?"
Earnest—"Neither."

Miss Quinnell—"Moulton, what did you say?"
Moulton—"Nothing."
Miss Quinnell—"That's what you usually say."

Mr. Stoltz—(in Physiography)—"What is the hydrosphere of the earth composed of?"
Lightner—"The soil and water."
Mr. Stoltz—"You are taking in too much territory."

Miss Sykes—(in Shorthand dictation)—"I love every man in America."

Forrest—(in Civics)—"When the president goes on a vacation and dies the vice-president becomes president."

Mr. Stoltz—(in Chemistry)—"Can you name me an oxide?"

Student—"Yes sir, leather oxide."

Mr. Stoltz—"What is leather an oxide of?"

Student—"An oxide of a beef."

In Botany, studying the cornstalk—Miss Quinnell—"What is almost impossible to see?"

Harry—(just waking up)—"The cornstalk."

Eighth grader—"If the king did not have any near relatives would his daughter become queen?"

Mr. Stoltz—"Yes."

Eighth grader—"What if he did not have a daughter?"

Mr. Stoltz—"She would not become queen then."

Mamie—(looking up a word in English)—"Oh, you can pronounce it three ways."

Mr. Thompson—(excited)—"Wait a minute."

Mr. Stoltz—"Where was McKinley shot?" (City)

Bright eighth-grader—"In the stomach."

Ruth—(describing the amoeba)—"It is just like a little bunch of jelly."

Mr. Stoltz—(in Chemistry)—"How could you distinguish carbon dioxide from carbon monoxide?"

Student—"By breathing it. If you die it's monoxide, if you live it's dioxide."

Mr. Stoltz—"How did Tyler happen to become president?"

Bright lad—"He was elected."

Mr. Stoltz—"Quite right."

As I was hunting on the plains—
All on the plains of Timbuctoo—
A buck was all I got for my pains,
And he was a slim buck too.

Mr. Stoltz—"How long does the mosquito carry the germs of malarial fever?"

Walfred—"One year and fourteen days."

GLADYS MAXWELL.

Valparaiso, Indiana, April 12, 1913.

To the Aurora:

When I was asked to write a word for the annual Aurora, I remembered the many days of hard work we, the Class of 1908, spent in gathering material for the first Annual ever issued by the Hobart High School.

Each following class has succeeded in improving on the preceding number, so I realize that the Class of 1913 has no small item on their hands to keep up the well established reputation.

What I could say would hardly be in comparison with the shining lights of '13, so I will merely wish you success in the work so nobly started in 1908.

Mrs. John F. Griffin.
(Julia Fleck).

Dear Class of 1913 and Friends:

It was considerate of you to invite me to contribute to your annual. Although I have been very happy in my work, I confess to having felt a pang of regret when high school days and editing the "Aurora" of 1911 were recalled by your kind invitation.

There is little I can say to the class as a whole, but to those of you, who are expecting to teach the primary grades, I wish to say that I sincerely encourage you. I can think of no work that can give the genuine pleasure and satisfaction that teaching may bring.

If you desire to be a philanthropist here is your opportunity. The world can be educated only by educating its children. In the primary grades, the interest and pleasure must be so great as to create a desire for education, to supplant the feeling of dislike that the children too often feel toward school life. This difference in the child's attitude is due largely to the attitude of the teacher. There is an opportunity for philanthropic work.

The moral conditions of the world are also greatly dependent upon the influence of the school. In this plastic stage of the child's life, principles and correct moral life and the courtesies and customs of our people must be instilled. Sincerity, order, honesty, bravery, patriotism and all desirable characteristics must be in this stage planted so impressively that the contact with the world cannot uproot them.

For instance, here are some results of the teaching of patriotism. One morning, one of my boys said, "I went into that room with my hat on. I looked up, and there was Lincoln looking right at me. I took my hat off at once." Another pupil said, "Those boys came right in here where the flag was hanging, and did not remove their hats." Another instance of their patriotism was made apparent by a little German girl, who, alone of a room full of older people, found courage to stand, with face flaming, while the "Star Spangled Banner," was being played. She had been in America less than a year, but the instinct of patriotism was strong and the lesson deep. The result of her courage was that all stood to finish the song.

These are but a few of the many results the primary teacher sees every day. Why seek farther for an opportunity for human upliftment, when such results can be obtained in the school room?

It is these little glimpses into the future of the child, the little bursts of affection, the imitation of all the characteristics of the teacher, the complete response and appreciation, and the understanding between the teacher and pupils that make it all so worth the effort and constitute the happiness of the primary teacher.

The theories of text-books and the ideas received at normal school, cannot compare in value to the practical education in teaching in our own school rooms.

Miss Whitney visits the young teachers often enough to acquaint herself with the pupils and the conditions of the school. In a kindly way, she shows us our mistakes and suggests the method that will bring about the result for which we have been so unsuccessfully struggling. For this reason, it seems to me that, as young teachers, now is the time to teach in Lake County and receive this excellent instruction. I trust you will all be as enthusiastic over your teaching and training as I, if you enter this profession. However, you have my sincere wishes for perfect success in whatever line of work you attempt.

Very sincerely,

ISA BULLOCK (Class of 1911.)

DAILY PROGRAM OF H. H. S.

6:30—Janitor builds the fire, and opens the door.

8:45—Mr. Haughtelin rings the bell and turns the fountain on.

8:50—Mr. Haughtelin rings the bell and turns the fountain off.

8:52—Music class starts up stairs.

8:58—Sweet strains descend from the Auditorium.

9:01—Fred Hillman arrives, smiling as usual.

9:20—Bell rings for second period.

9:23—Still sweet strains from above.

9:23½—More bell-ringing.

9:25—Music class descends, and rushes for next class.

9:30—Mr. Stoltz springs a chemistry test.

9:32—Much thinking, many sighs, and several questions.

10:15—Chemistry laboratory starts.

10:20—Loud explosion.

10:22—It is discovered that there was more noise than damage. Edith is restored and work resumed.

10:55—Clothes repaired, hands washed, and broken apparatus thrown away.

11:00—English Literature. Incidentally the Genealogical and Chronological History of English Royalty.

11:40—Bell rings and another king ascends the throne.

11:45—School dismissed.

11:48—English class rushes for dinner.

12:30—Back again.

12:45—Bell rings and noise stops.

12:50—Shorthand class goes up stairs. Forrest laughs.

1:30—Latin class, funeral procession for Dido.

1:35—Miss Quinnell stops laughing and starts her daily harangue on the beauties of Virgil, and the modern disrespect for classics.

1:45—Loud laughing from History room. Another of Mr. Stoltz's jokes. We missed it.

1:53—Daily freight train goes by. Latin class yields the floor.

2:00—Laughing from Miss Frank's room.

2:10—Bell rings for Physical Geography.

2:13—Seniors descend to "Ice Box." Lesson on Mosquitoes.

2:20—Ralph Kraft pronounces "Poikilothermous."

2:22—Mr. Stoltz wonders what was doing last night. Scene 3, Act 4, of "Love's Young Dream" enacted in class.

2:35—Freshmen descend for remarkable piece of art.

3:00—Study and typewriting period. Fred has his bookkeeping lesson.

3:20—Carl spills bottle of ink.

3:45—School dismissed.

3:50—Junior class meeting.

4:00—School house very quiet. George White goes home.

4:02—George White returns for a forgotten book.

7:30—We all start studying tomorrow's lessons.

7:35—Some of us stop.

7:50—We study things rather more exciting than Ancient History or Geometry.

11:00—Last grind stops work.

OLIVE E. WOOD.

RUTH S. THOMPSON.

THE JUNIORS.

WE ARE Juniors. Notice, gentle reader! To say that we are Juniors means, in the common parlance of America, that we hold a position of honor and respect, just below the haughty Seniors and quite above the insignificant Sophomores, and that in the coming year we shall advance to the places held now by the said Seniors—inheriting, as it were, all their woes and joys, honor and dignity, not to mention superiority.

On us has descended the great distinction of entertaining the Seniors—of giving them a glorious good time by which they may remember us and the old high school days. This we intend to do to the best of our ability and if we fail, it will not be through the lack of effort.

At the beginning of this year we were thirteen in number. The start of the year found us mixed up in the worries and the trials of class organization. Miss Dorothy Thomas was finally made president, and George Pimbley secretary and treasurer. In November, however, this last office was left vacant by the regretted departure of George from our midst. Miss Esther Kucaba then assumed the onerous duties of the position, and performed them well until she left us in December. Then Miss Mamie Barnes was made treasurer and Miss Edna Scheidt, secretary, which offices they are now holding to the satisfaction of all concerned. The departure of Miss Kucaba and Mr. Pimbley left us with only eleven members, but the even dozen was completed when Carl Krausse returned after a term at school in Denver.

But though our class is small, our aim is not numbers, but ability. We have come through almost three years of high school life successfully. Only one more year! But in that year what may await us! Trouble and gloom are undoubtedly in store for us, discouragement also, and despair. But these we hope to conquer—to put down as they arise, and to go onward through a year of joy and triumph, won by hard work, toward the goal of commencement. We hope to leave behind a record of achievement, worthy the approval of our teachers and classmates.

GEORGE H. WHITE.

THE Sophomores are, indeed, very interesting in spite of the fact that their number is small. Elmer Ballantyne can give anyone advice in regard to wireless telegraphy. Anyone coming to school at morning or noon can see Vernon Traeger come strolling in about ten minutes late. He is well versed in figures of speech, especially Hyperbole. Ernest Sohn is interested in duck hunting, and any rainy day Ernest can be seen out on the marshes.

We feel proud of our orator, Fred Ramenstien, who has twice entered the oratorical contest, and judging from his growing power we predict his victory next time.

Ross Hollister is quite studious, and although the mump germs did seize him, he is still a shark in Geometry, and can pull through the toughest proposition. Mary Thompson has an answer ready for any question that could be asked in English.

Freida Nagel intends to be a teacher, and we are sure of her success, for she can translate "Caesar," without studying. Lyda Fulton came from Ross three months late, but we could not do without her now; she ties for the highest average in the class. Harold Thompson is the gentleman of the class, always on hand with a smile when a favor is wanted.

Elnora Carlson is the artist of the class, as you will see by the headpiece. She is also one of the two having the highest average in the class. Helen Rose is a star in basket ball. Elsie Mundell has been with our class since we entered the first grade. Any disease germ passing by, is sure to alight on Elsie.

Bessie Ols is another of our artists. She is a model in deportment, but still one could not be sad with Bessie near. Helen Smith is our pianist and Marie Scheidt the violinist. These two furnish the music for the class.

Now as we complete our Sophomore year in High School, we willingly give the Freshmen the privilege to style themselves "Sophomores." Meanwhile we do not intend to drop out, but expect to be represented in the "Aurora" next year as "Juniors."

AGNES LENNERTZ, '15.

THE STORM.

I HAVE just a little story
That concerns this awful day;
You've been watching from your window
As the storm swept by so gray.

When it first began to patter
Through the lattice on the pane,
We were talking of a lesson
In the school house by the lane.

Soon the drops began to filter
In upon us where we sat;
As we moved from near the window
Louder yet we heard them pat.

As I turned to hear a question
Asked by some one near the door,
Close behind the shutter slamming,
Dashed two panes upon the floor.

Looking then, I saw the darkness
That was lowering thick and fast—
And the house began to tremble,
While still stronger blew the blast.

I dismissed the class of children,
Who were turned to me in fear,
While the gloom within the school room
Told us that the storm was near.

Then it came in raging torrents,
Pouring through the broken pane;
Then I glanced among the children—
All were thinking of the rain.

Then I walked among the benches
Where the wondering children sat;
They began to read the lesson
But I knew not this from that.

Still the raging grew more fearful,
And I had each close his book—
Telling them to fear no danger
But to come that side and look.

Some came round me asking questions,
Others spoke with many fears;
While I cheered the anxious faces,
Some but smiled through gathering tears.

While we watched the furious tempest
That shut in and crossed our sight,
Some began to notice hail stones,
Asking what they were, so white.

After raging in its fury
Soon the loudest rattling ceased;
As the children grew less fearful,
Quick their questions then increased.

And they asked about the birdies,
Wondering if any drowned—
What that rabbit did for shelter—
If the lightning struck the ground.

But each one I tried to answer,
Wondering sometimes, much as they;
The mystery of little children!
The mystery of the stormy day!

G. H. T.

A FRESHMAN PARTY.

ALL roads led to the Hobart High School "Gym" on April 1, 1913. What was the attraction? It was a freshman party given in honor of the 1913 German class, by the Latin class. Now it takes Latins to get up a party. It was started at 8:15 on April first, the foolish freshmen's day of worship.

All were met at the door, and had either a "Green" tie or a ribbon pinned on. You see the freshmen never run down their colors. After the bunch assembled the games were started. To even up the situation Prof. Haughtelin was made a Latin, in order to offstand young Hillman, the feather-weight of the freshman class. The first game played was "Drop the Handkerchief." Now if you ever saw any running and third base slides you saw it then and there. To make the game odd to suit this occasion, a Latin was only allowed to drop the handkerchief to a German and a German to a Latin. The handkerchief was also "Green." This game was played a short time, when it was at last changed. Next a game called "Circle." In this the Latins formed a semi-circle on one side and the Germans on the other. A large Green blanket folded once was placed in the middle of the circle. The object was, to cause either a German or Latin to touch the sacred

colored cloth. The Germans were slowly but surely put out of the game. But, everything has an end. They played this game for a while and then stopped. They needed a rest.

They were taken to four side shows, while at this circus. In one show they saw a diamond ear of corn (dime and ear of corn). In another they saw ancient instruments of torture, used on the freshmen in 1718 and the earlier days. They also found true love———(in the dictionary).

After the shows they were introduced to Madame Loof Lirpa, a personage who came clear from India for this occasion. She told them their fortunes. By this time the Germans were about ready for a good square meal, which they got. A menu of which all partook most heartily.

First came the soup course. The first was turtle soup. This soup was made by the girls of the Latin class and was pronounced of the most excellent. It was a paper turtle in a plate of water. Delicious turtle soup. After they had partaken of this spread, it was removed. After this the fish course was served. Fried Sole is a fine dish to serve. (soles of shoes). Having eaten this they were served Hare in Casserole. This is a fine dish and met with hearty welcome. Hare in Casserole was a switch of hair in a dish. Next came German duck. It took all the freshman Latin class to serve this course. Each Latin tossed a paper ball, "Green" of course. The Germans were told to "duck" or be hit. They partook of this course most heartily. Spring Lamb came next. The spring lamb was a small lamb on a wooden base with a spring attachment. Of course, they enjoyed this. Mr. Haughtelin did anyway. Green Peas and Piccalilli were served next. Now any freshman can eat "Green" "P's" and pick a lily if he wants to.

Strawberries in ice and devil's food cake were served next. A single strawberry embedded in ice, and a sulphur match made up this course. Nuts and raisins of the highest price were served. (bolt nuts from machinery made the nut course and small pieces of yeast were used for "raise—ins").

At last black coffee was served and all partook heartily. A person in a black face stepped in and gave all enough "cough-he." The menu was ended, and as all was a fake from beginning to end, nobody's appetite was appeased, in fact it was raised to an unusual height. To keep the joke up and still serve ice cream and cookies, ice cream was served in small flower pots with an imitation flower in the top and cookies in sprinkling cans.

While eating this the fortunes handed out by Madame Loof Lirpa were read. Many needed better positions, some different colored hair. They broke up at 11:30 and went home to dream of a delicious menu they were served.

MOULTON FOSTER.

VALEDICTORY.

DEAR Friends: To-night we part; to-night we realize with misgiving that we have finished our high school course and must pass to new fields of action. And to-night we understand as never before why this night of nights is called Commencement and not finishment as "Mon Beck" in the **Little Colonel** was wont to call it.

Although we have finished our four happy years in dear old Hobart High School, it is this new thing—our future—of which we stand in awe. Perhaps we guess the dim outline of events. But our plans may be swept away any moment;—it is this that we think of and fully comprehend that this is a commencement of the graver responsibilities of life.

To-night the happy days in high school are over. Never again shall we be students here. We do not take time from the joys of to-day and the hopes of to-morrow to glance over the sweet memories of yesterday. But some day we shall recall how dear was each classmate and teacher and our hearts shall go out to them in fondest wishes.

As we leave this school we are entering into a larger school, where we shall learn by experience. All these years we have been protected from the harder knocks, but now we must fight our battle as best we can and we must go our way. But we are strong, for who would not be strong whose faith is firm in the motto "No victory without labor." It means—oh, it means innumerable things! but in general, it means that we must work if we reach the place of our ambition—if we make life worth while.

And we will live up to this motto, we will live our lives in such a way that, even should we fall through a trap door in the bridge of three score and ten arches, the fruits of our labor shall be measured beside the work of those who crossed the bridge that Mirza saw when the thousand arches were entire. Then whatever the world knows of the Class of '13, we will always thank our teachers who, unlike the teacher Experience, have always been patient. We thank our teachers from the depths of our hearts for giving us noble ideals and urging our best impulses to action.

And so it is with a thankful heart and a longing to do justice to their teachings and their faith in us that we start upon life's voyage to-night, and may each classmate treasure all the triumphs and rewards that glisten in this golden dawn—our commencement.

OLIVE E. WOOD.

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